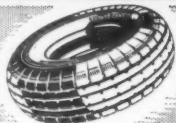


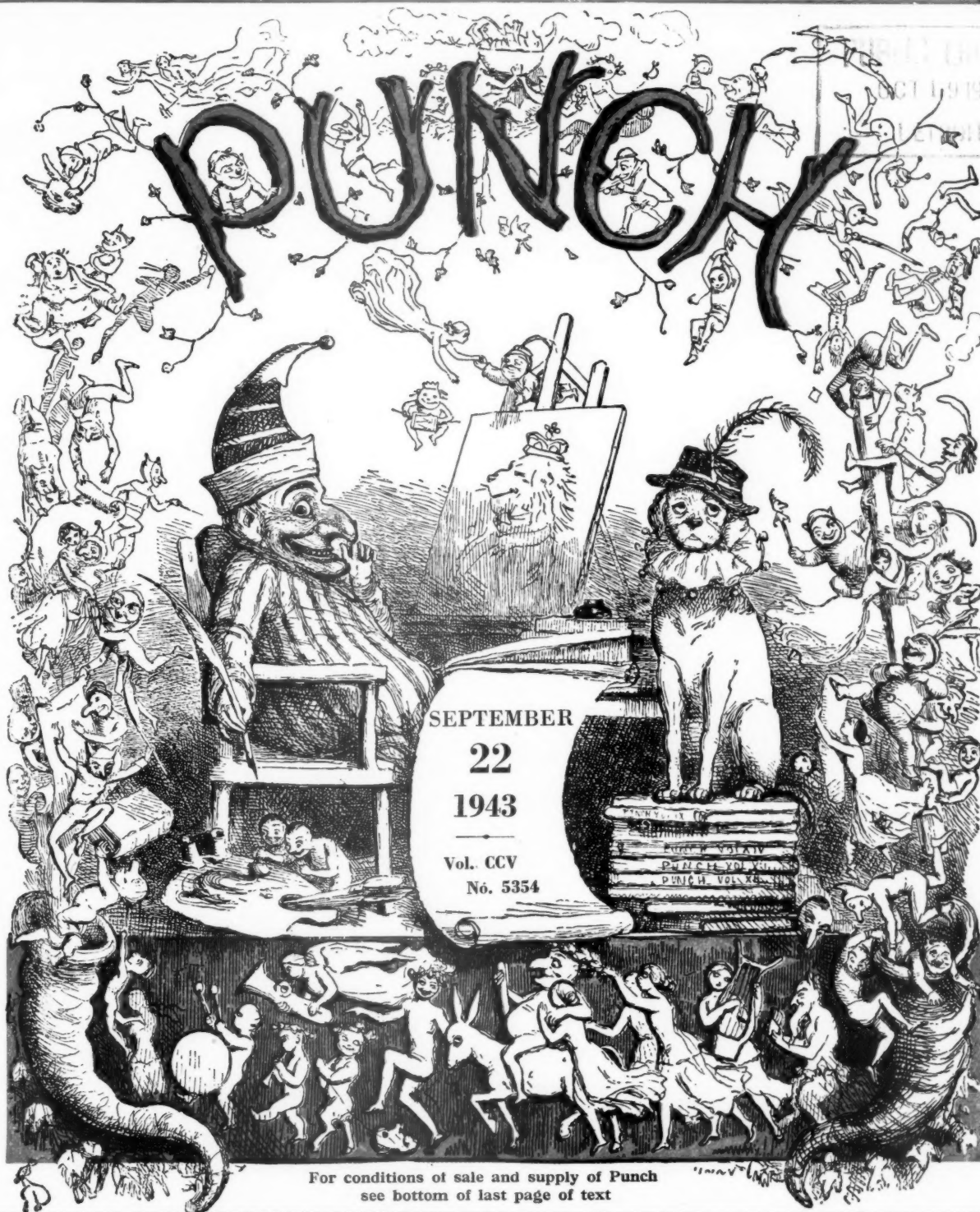
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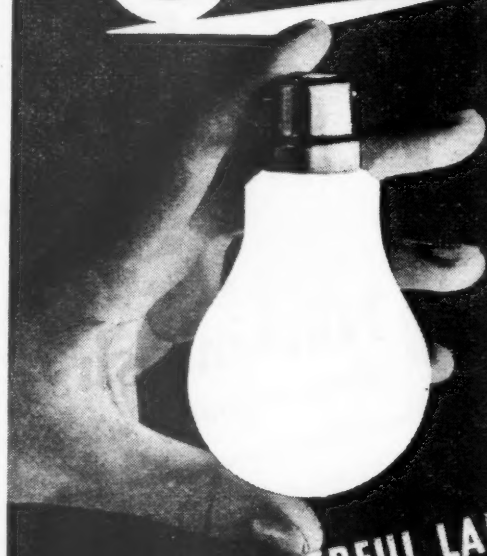
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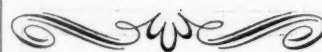
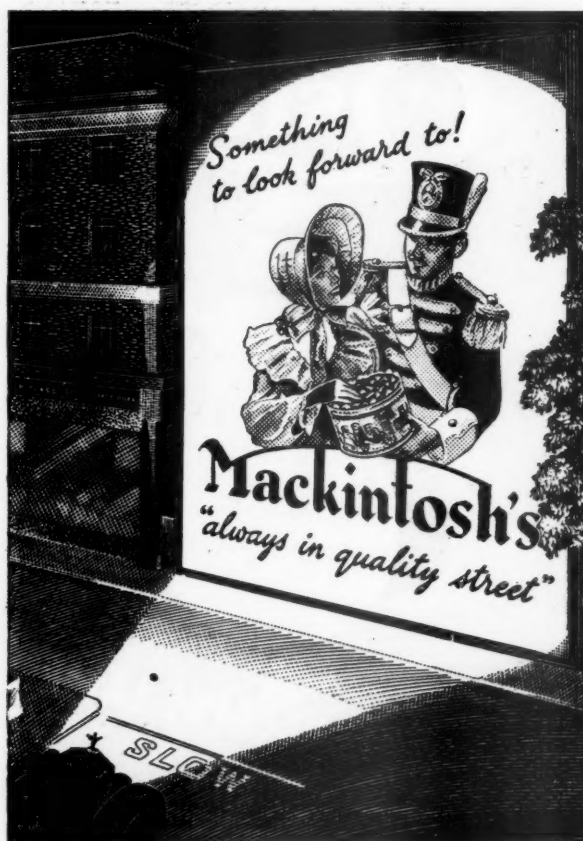
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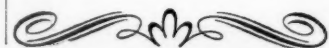
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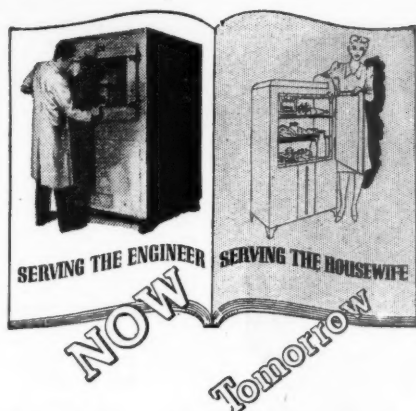
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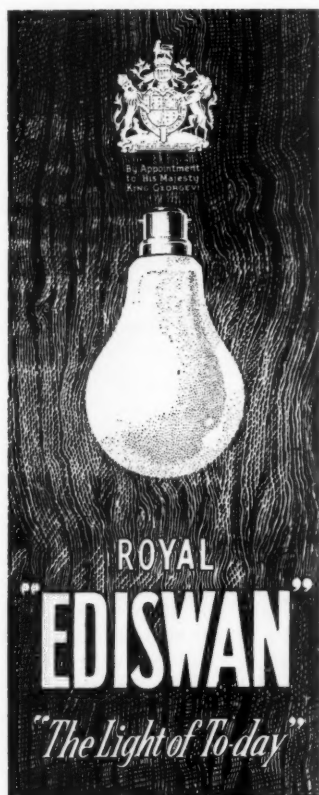
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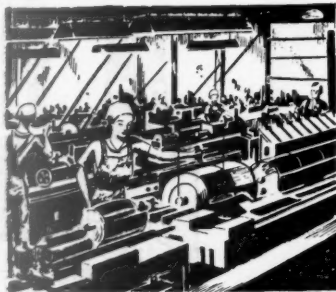


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PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCV No. 5354

September 22 1943

Charivaria

AFTER Rome was attacked by Nazi planes, Goering was hourly expected to make a statement to the effect that the Luftwaffe would never bomb Berlin.

Germans on the Eastern front have so often been taken by surprise that they sometimes wonder whether the Russian gunfire is the real thing or just another victory salvo.



Gatecrasher
"ST. DAVID'S CATHEDRAL
'FRIENDS' ANNUAL MEETING

DEATH WATCH BEETLE APPEARS
AGAIN"
Headings in S. Wales Paper.

A correspondent says he happened to have his wife's clothing coupons in his pocket and bought himself a pair of trousers. He has since been placed under house arrest.

Defeatism is now a capital crime in Germany. This probably explains why German newspaper editors have deemed it prudent to cease printing maps.

"After-the-war problems must be faced," says a writer. First of all we must get down to some serious unplanning.

A dance-band musician has been complaining of clothing difficulties. We gather that his trombone hasn't had a new bowler hat for several months.

"Mussolini in German hands," say current reports. It must seem quite like old times to him.

If it is true that Italy didn't get much out of the war when she was in it, she certainly seems to have got into it quickly enough now that she has got out of it.

By the irony of fate there will soon be nothing left for the Wehrmacht to do except encircle the Reich.

Several boys of a class of London school-children said they would like to be policemen when they grew up. Naturally they qualify for the extra shoe coupons under Mr. Dalton's larger juvenile feet scheme.



In America vegetables are grown without soil, and the practice is gaining popularity here. Many people, however, prefer the old-fashioned kind of spinach they can crunch.

This Week's Double Feature
"ANGELS WASH THEIR FACES
Also BELOW THE DEAD LINE"

Cinema Advt. in Local Paper.

A Frinton Air Raid Warden is said to have exceptionally powerful lungs. He is in great demand locally owing to the scarcity of bicycle pumps.



War Notes

THE description of Mussolini's rescue given by the German radio is quite inaccurate. He is said to have been found in an hotel in the Abruzzi mountains north-east of Rome. His room was "like a cell, with a bunk and two chairs." He is said to have been liberated by a storm-trooper, "a large and sinewy man with a hard determined face." Mussolini is said to have been wearing "a blue civilian suit." The plane that took him away was "waiting on a small part of the rock." His gaolers were "threatened with automatics and immediately raised their arms." The Duce then "took his black hat" and "there was a tremor in his voice when he said he had known Adolf Hitler was going to save him." Most of this is an obvious lie. What really happened was something like this; and I have it from a Scandinavian source which has never been known to fail as yet.

Mussolini was imprisoned in the highest room of a huge castle in the Appenines. Every day he looked out through the iron bars and saw nothing but vultures and scenery. Then one evening there came to him faintly from far below the voice of a man singing. He recognized the words and the tune. The song is one that is sung by the little children of Germany. It has been quoted recently in the *Daily Mirror*. It runs in English

"Fold your little hands, bow your little head,
Think of him who gives us our daily bread.
Adolf Hitler is his name,
Him we as our saviour claim."

It does not scan. Mussolini did not mind this. A thrill of joy went through his heart. He recognized the voice also. It was the voice of Dr. Goebbels. The next day he received a large pie for his dinner. Coiled inside it was a long piece of window cord. Mussolini was about to eat this, thinking it was macaroni. But he stopped in time. When his gaolers were not looking he let the cord down through the window, and felt a slight pull at the end. Drawing it up again he found a note attached. It was written so badly that he could not read it.

The next day he received another pie for dinner. Inside it was a file. Mussolini was about to eat it thinking it was asparagus. But he stopped in time. While his gaolers were not looking he sawed through the bars of his prison cell. One of the gaolers turned round while he was sawing.

"What are you doing?" said the man.

"Merely filing away the time," said Mussolini.

The next day he received a third pie for dinner. Inside it was a bottle labelled "opium." Mussolini was about to drink it supposing it was Chianti. But he stopped in time.

That night he drugged his gaolers. He pushed the bars out of his window, took off all his clothes except his underwear and tied them together. They did not reach the ground. He then took off all his gaolers' clothes and added them to the rope. Then a new difficulty occurred. He could not get through the window. He was too fat.

Very softly he sang a solo from *Rigoletto*. There was a tug at the end of the rope. He pulled it up and found a mattock tied to the end.

Very softly he broke away the masonry round the window. Then he tied the rope to his gaolers and slid down it. He was wearing pink underclothes. He had no hat. Outside

the castle stood a large motor car. Inside it were Goebbels, Himmler, Goering and Ribbentrop. There was no room for Mussolini. He sat on Goering's knees. Not a word passed until the car was over the frontier. Then Mussolini uttered the one word "Saved!" and burst into tears.

When they reached Berchtesgaden they were shown into the presence of Hitler.

"What is that you have got?" he asked.

"Mussolini," they replied in four voices.

"Take it outside and leave it on the mat."

"But you have eaten the mat."

"Take it away, anyhow."

"But we have a plan, my Leader."

Shortly afterwards the creation of the new Fascist Republic of Italy was announced. That is the true version of the affair.

But we must not be too confident.

Owing to the unjustifiable wave of optimism which has been sweeping this country and America for the last few weeks it has now been decided to sweep them the other way with an unjustifiable wave of pessimism, and I am happy to oblige.

Remember firstly that the Germans are tough.

There is a well-authenticated story of a German big-game hunter which exemplifies this. Wandering in the jungle he was taken prisoner by a primitive African tribe, which made the ordinary arrangements for his reception. When the meal was over the chieftain suddenly announced "I am ill."

"Ou-wai" (oh dear me) "we are all ill," replied the warriors.

The witch doctor consulted the native hippopotamus god, and since then a sacred rule has been made that all German explorers and big-game hunters are to be minced. This story is told in *Cannibalismus und Weltschmerz* by Dr. Pfuchs.

Remember secondly that the German war-potential is enormous. If I knew what a war-potential was I would elaborate this.

Remember thirdly that Germany is still far away. We have taken the toe of Italy, the instep or metatarsus of Italy and the heel of Italy, but we have not yet broken the ankle of Italy. It will be time to blow trumpets when we have taken the tibia of Italy and the calf of Italy, or better still when we have struck a tremendous blow just below the knee-cap of Italy, which will cause the lower part of the leg of Italy to jerk up suddenly and then collapse. This in my view may take four or five years of hard fighting, and I am glad to observe that the greatest military strategists agree with me.

"Disabuse yourself of the idea," says Nichomachus, writing from Tipton Parva, one of the ugliest villages in Warwickshire, "that the end of the war is in sight. Our friend the enemy is a stubborn fighter and has plenty of aces up his sleeve. The brightest hour is always the one that precedes dusk, and hundreds of politicians and generals have been deceived ere now by considering a victory to be a hopeful sign, whereas oftener than not it is a certain prelude to disaster. Old soldiers know well that a tactical success is nearly always a strategical failure and *vice versa*. Primitive men went into battle throwing stones at each other, but as soon as it was realized that the largest and sharpest stones were the most painful the idea came to one



A PRESENT FROM CUNNINGHAM

"I made this for you in the Mediterranean, Madam!"



"What made you go into the Navy instead of the coal mines?"

side or the other of covering up the more vital parts of the body with mastodon hide. Later poisoned arrows were introduced. But the warriors drank little doses of poison and became immune.

"In precisely the same way during the Middle Ages armed men rode into battle on armoured oxen or mules, and for many years proved triumphant until it was found that they could be pushed out of their saddles with long poles, and opened up with screw-drivers. It might be supposed that air warfare introduces a new element into our calculations, but this is not really the case. Has it never occurred to you that cities are not easily wiped off the map and that it is quite possible by means of hastily applied camouflage to deceive the aerial photographer into supposing that a place which has only been slightly bombed is a veritable heap of ruins?"

No, Nichomachus, it hasn't ever occurred to me. And I note with some satisfaction that a man of your name (which I mercifully conceal) has been twice fined at Tipton Parva for riding a bicycle on the wrong side of the road, and once for trying to procure a suit of pyjamas with out-of-date margarine coupons.

Sometimes I feel that we read as much fable as fact about the war situation in some of the columns of the daily Press. But not in this paper. EVOE

On First Looking into Walker's Rhyming Dictionary

MUCH had I travail'd at the tricks of VÊRS
And many complex rhyming systems trîd,
But all seemed brazen as an ophiclid,
Or cockney, or cacophonous, or wÊRS;
Till spoke an editor in phrases tÊRS:
"Spend 8/6 and take a glance insîd
Great Walker's work." I went away sad-îd,
Track'd down the book, drain'd my reluctant pÊRS.
Then felt I like the Royal Observer CÔR,
When some new Heinkel swims across the vÔîd;
For here were possibilities galôr
And unfamiliar themes to be emplôîd;
Now I can hymn the kingly Koh-i-nÔR,
Or serenade the belles of Bettws-y-CÔîd.

Time Marches Backwards.

"Experience shows that the Party could raise a great deal more money than it has in the past."

Labour Discussion Notes (Sept. 1943).

Squeak

THAT was *I Hate to Keep My Ears Akimbo*—played by the orchestra. And now we bring you a man whose shoes squeaked for ten solid days before he found out what to do about it—Rhodomontadamus MUPP! (Ooray-ay-ay! phew! oorayooray! phwit! urrah ooray!)

Thanks, Dahn. This is Roddy Pussyfoot Mupp talking . . . And say, Dahn, it's quite right that my shoes squeaked for ten days, but how do you know I found out what to do about it?

All I had to do, Roddy, was to keep my ears akimbo. . . . But what was it you finally did?

Well, I'll tell you, Dahn. Out in the coal-shed we've had a tin full of linseed oil that's—oh hullo, Merry.

(Oooray ay ay ay oohray phweeeet! urrah ooray!)

Hullo. Have you got that squeak out of your shoes yet?

I was just telling Dahn, about how out in the coal-shed we've had a tin full of linseed oil that's been there for seven years.

So what?

Well, I thought standing them in that might do some good. There was a skin on it like elephant-hide—

On second thoughts I see no future in this as a literary form. Let's try straight fiction:

Dusty, Nobby, Toast, Ginge, Spike, Ike and me was walking along this road, see, discussing that paper by Mr. Danby P. Fry printed in the *Philological Society's Transactions* for 1873—"On the Words Chinee, Maltee, Portugee, Yankee, Pea, Cherry, Sherry and Shay"—when who should we meet but old Ezra Clambake, leading Hippocrass (a very stupid horse).

"Giddap, there!" cries Ezra, to make Hippocrass stop.

But Hippocrass was what you might call unpredictable, see. He got to walking faster and he brushed past old Ezra Clambake and pulled the rope out of his hand before old Ezra knew what was up, and as we naturally all got out of Hippocrass's way the last we saw of him he was disappearing over the brow of the hill at what you might call a spanking pace.

Ezra says "Oh, well," and tries to include himself in our little discussion until Nobby told him what it was about. Then Ezra says sadly "This would appear to be my unlucky day. Seldom," says Ezra, "have the fates given signs of being against me in such a miscellaneous manner."

So Nobby asked him what he meant and he says "The topic of your deliberations is too deep for me, fellers. I am not," he says, "what you might call philologically equipped to give an opinion."

A naval officer in a black mackintosh rode slowly past on a motorbike. I just put that in as a bit of local colour. You can't tell me anything about telling a story. My uncle was the great bass singer of the same name, and he wrote his autobiography four times.

So Nobby says to Ezra "But what else has gone wrong for you to-day?"

"My shoes squeak," says Ezra.

So Nobby says . . .

On third thoughts even this style seems to be of questionable suitability. I think I'll try making an Anecdote of it:

It is not generally known that the celebrated Captain Scrageous, usually believed to have been invented by Rudyard Kipling in the year 1897, was really the author of the seventeenth-century play *Sir Peevish Twit-All*, or

The Provok'd Harpsicon-Tuners, which Pepys considered even better than *Macbeth* for amusing variety and visited whenever he had hopes of seeing Lady Castlemaine at it. Captain Scrageous being invited out one day to dine on a venison pasty, a chine of beef and a pullet or two, was roused to unusual volubility by the meagre fare and observed among other things to his neighbour that the shoes of their host squeaked beyond expectation. To which the other replied on the instant, "that he . . ."

No. I see nothing for it but the truth. It was in fact my shoes that squeaked, after they came back from the repairers.

It is years and years since I had a pair of squeaky shoes, though it is only about seven or eight months since I had a pair of Army boots that crackled and popped when I walked on them as if they had been mended with flakes of water-biscuit instead of whatever they had been done with—I don't think it was leather. Daily wear and puddles took care of those, so that I brought them almost soundlessly out of the Army with me, but these shoes—

"You know what causes it, don't you?" said my uncle (this was my real uncle, not the great bass singer of the same name). "It's the space between the old sole and the new one they put on," he explained, "and the new one rubs against the old one as you bend your foot."

My uncle knew all about it, and I wish I had consulted him before I tried standing the shoes in the linseed oil. (Oh yes, the linseed oil was perfectly authentic, and there was a skin on it like elephant-hide too. Also it was in the coal-shed.)

According to my uncle the thing was *cattle castor oil*, so I went and got some at the chemist's. The chemist took me, I realized after a time (I had to wait while he was putting the stuff into a bottle), for a veterinary surgeon. I had never been taken for a vet. before and it was not very easy for me to sustain the rôle. Nevertheless I did, I think, get away with the oil without his realizing that all I wanted it for was to take the squeak out of some shoes.

The rest of the cure, which I followed faithfully according to my uncle's instructions, I will not bother you with. It worked all right, and I still have very nearly all the oil, and both the shoes (but no squeak), and a lurking regret that I didn't manage to tell you about it in a less bald manner.

Besides, even if you can, I can't help wondering what the other man said to Captain Scrageous. R. M.

THE PRIME MINISTER SAID:

"NEVER in the field of human conflict was so much owed by so many to so few."

That famous and well-deserved tribute to the prowess and devotion of British airmen serves as a fitting reminder of the debt we owe to them. We can never repay them for all they have done and are doing for us, but through the PUNCH COMFORTS FUND we are able to meet some of their needs. Will you please help us in the good work by sending a contribution? Donations will be gratefully received and acknowledged by Mr. Punch at PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie St., London, E.C.4.

Kitchens

LITERATURE as a whole has never done justice to the average kitchen. Even that branch of literature which minds most about kitchens—I mean the mustard-keen home-loving magazine—has been too inclined to treat them theoretically, or as if made entirely of white enamel. I propose therefore to take to-day for my subject something which I have touched on lightly now and then in the past and which I would like now to touch on as heavily as may be—the kitchen as it is, and its place in the home.

The kitchen's place in the home varies from home to home. If the home has a back door and a dining room, then the kitchen lies somewhere in a line between the two. If it does not directly join the back door it leads up to it through affiliated surroundings such as a stone passage and a broom balanced upside down against the wall. However that may be, there is no mistaking a kitchen when once we get inside it, because a kitchen has certain definite features which are seen nowhere else. The first is a kitchen table. The next is an alarm clock with no feet but a loop by which it hangs from a hook on a shelf. This clock is less likely to have stopped altogether than to have stopped only the day before, but the effect is much the same and never fails to give its public that mildly dramatic sense of the passing of time which any stopped clock gives anyone. Other definite features are the shape and colour of the kitchen itself. Roughly, a kitchen is high enough to put the top shelf out of reach, but it can go higher and put more shelves out of reach if necessary. It is sort of oblong in shape, like any other room, but it is more likely to be white than any other room, and the floor is more likely to be covered with linoleum. There are also of course a stove and as many shelves as were thought possible at the time. There is a rule that all shelves must have hooks screwed into their outside edges every four inches, just in case, and I should like to say in passing that when once a hook has been screwed into the shelf human nature, as is typical, shuts down in its subconscious the struggle it had to get the hook the right way up and the fact that it did the last half-circuit by levering it round with a skewer. Mention of skewers brings me to the fact, never properly explained by scientists, that one hook in every kitchen has hanging from it a bunch of skewers—an offshoot from the main supply in the drawer of the kitchen table. Another interesting and unexplained fact is the natural affinity between skewers and egg-whisks, so that anyone looking in the drawer for an egg-whisk is also rewarded with a skewer, and the other way round.

Everything in a kitchen is planned to make everything easier than it would have been otherwise. Thus, an egg-whisk was planned to make egg-whisking easier, which makes it a queer truth that humanity has never really taken the egg-whisk to its heart. Why? Scientists say that it works too well. They say, in fact, that the egg-whisk is probably the only invention ever invented which works better than its inventor meant it to. The result of this is a strange conflict between that side of human nature which does not like to be considered lazy and the other side which does not like to be considered lazy either but does not mind all that much. This conflict is never stronger than in the average kitchen, with its traditional distrust of results unless justified by effort. Thus it is that human nature so often wears its faint air of apology when fetching the egg-whisk out. Some scientists, by the way, have another theory. Egg-whisks, they say, splash, and

that is all there is to it. Watch, they say, how even the people working the egg-whisk back three paces before they begin.

The drawer of the average kitchen table opens slowly; that is, it begins by not opening at all and ends by opening very quickly, but the time involved adds up as slow. Scientists say that this sudden jerk at the end is meant either to entangle or to disentangle the skewers and the egg-whisk, or possibly to bring everything to the front of the drawer, human nature being notorious about not looking further than it need to find anything. When human nature does look at the back of a kitchen drawer it is not looking for anything but adventure, and is always rewarded by one of those perforated spoons it had forgotten it had. Human nature, on finding a perforated spoon, is apt to be very enthusiastic about it for the next minute, which rarely happens to be a likely time for using a perforated spoon. After this minute the spoon is free to work itself to the back of the drawer again by some other natural affinity also unexplained by scientists, who say we need not worry, as any kitchen having a perforated spoon has also one of those fish-slice things which are the same only more so.

Every kitchen has three or four pudding-basins, each not quite the same size as the others. This is not because every kitchen needs three or four pudding-basins at once but because people like to choose out exactly the size they think they will need; this never fails to make them feel more efficient than they know they are. Every kitchen has also a nutmeg grater for grating cheese. This has either an intentional hole at the top to hang it up by or a number of chance holes for coarse, or easy, grating. Any of these holes will do for hanging the grater on the end of the shelf nearest the sink, and any of the corners will do for people to get annoyed enough about brushing up against it to wonder mildly why it is there and to realize that it is there because it always has been. And this brings me to the queerest and most inescapable truth of all about the average kitchen. Someone, no one knows who by the time anyone notices it, lays down a rule about where everything shall go after it has been used, or washed up; these terms being almost synonymous, as nothing is used without being washed up and on the whole little washed up without being used. Briefly, this rule is that everything shall go where it went before. Thus, if a baking-tin has always stood upright on its narrow side behind the smallest saucepan but one, it must go on doing it, the only variation allowed being that it may sometimes stand upright on its wide side if whoever puts it back has never been in that kitchen before; though I should add that it is this sort of thing more than any other which leads the people familiar with the kitchen to reflect on the extraordinary difference between themselves and other people; always with the anticipated favourable results.

The Home Front

"Essex local authorities are to overhaul their street fighting."
Evening Paper.

"Goats, though they prefer drowsing on the leaves of bushes . . ."
Yorkshire Paper.

Don't we all?

Confessions and Suppressions

I HAVE certainly done some pretty shabby things in my time. Indeed, when I look back my life seems to be made up of misdemeanours, misalliances, disgraceful intrigues and miscellaneous mischief. I am going to tell the sordid story (though not all of it—I have no wish to hurt those of my former associates who are still alive) because it is typical of an era. Thousands of men in my age-group have records as black as mine. To describe the conditions which fostered our hatred of society; to probe deeper and unmask the men in high places who were responsible for these conditions—these are the tasks I have set myself in making these revelations.

As a schoolboy I suffered dreadfully from low marks in algebra. One day I made a nought into a ten by placing a stroke before it. In next to no time the whole school had adopted the stratagem and marks became universally good. In the end the masters evolved the idea of placing their marks as near to the left hand edge of the paper as possible, thus making alterations exceedingly difficult. Later they improved on the idea by writing the marks (in words) after the numerals—but by this time I was an old boy so the change did not affect me.

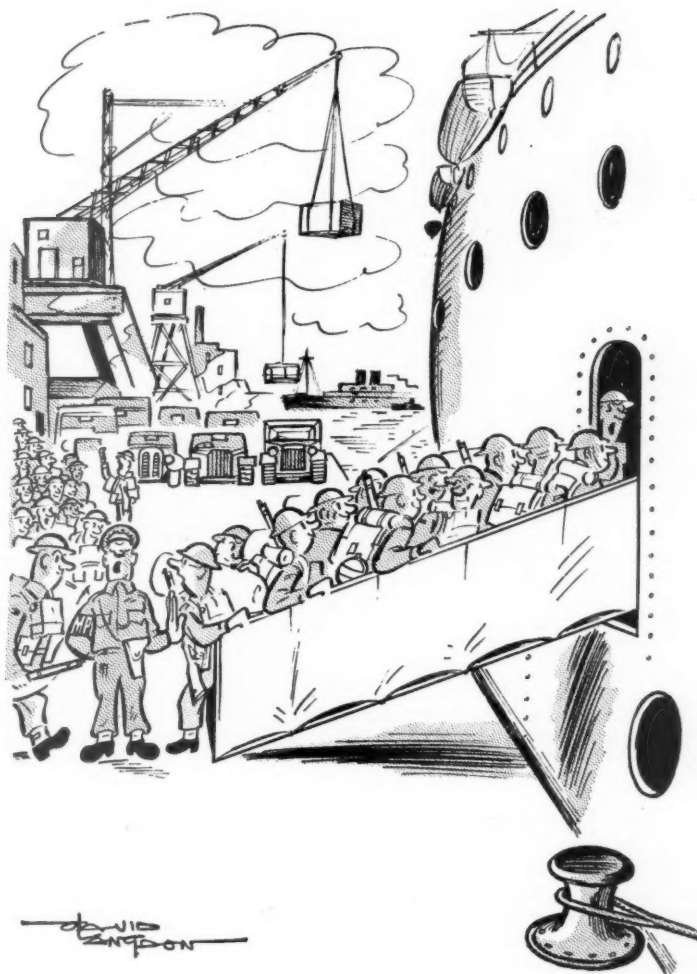
Another thing I did as a schoolboy was to sell flags every year for the National Yacht Club's sinking fund. I made many of the flags myself, marking them "N.Y.C.," which stood (in an emergency) for "Next Year's Christmas." I never used the official collecting box, preferring my own money-box neatly labelled.

I once tore the frontispiece (a portrait of the author) from the *Collected Plays of G. B. Shaw*, a book belonging to the Scunthorpe Public Library, and wrote across it: "To Wilfred with affectionate memories—from George Shaw." I kept it in my pocket-book for many years.

When Britain went off the gold standard I became a rabid Conservative. At the conclusion of an open-air meeting during the general election campaign of 1935 I asked the Socialist candidate for his autograph. Next day the Conservative press published a facsimile of a document which read as follows:

If I am elected I shall certainly feather my nest at the ratepayers' expense.

I shall immediately introduce a



"You're going overseas, mate—that's all I can tell yer."

private bill to get Castlefold's industries transferred to Nuneaton. I shall make it my business to see that all licensed premises are closed by 7.30 each evening, except on Saturdays and Sundays, when they will be closed all day.

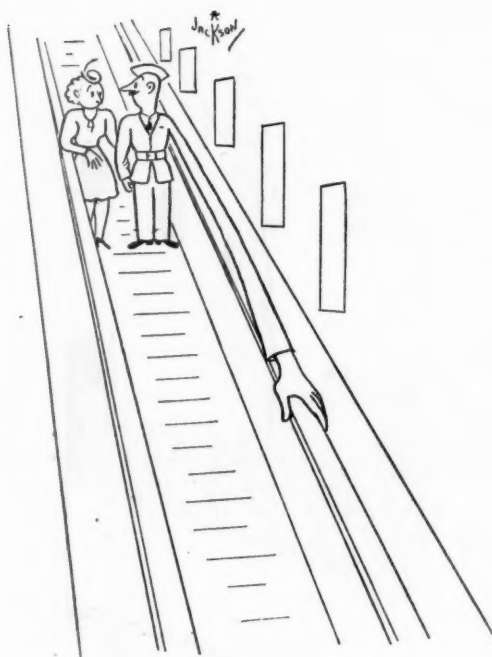
(Signed) J. W. Broadribbs,

Socialist Candidate for Castlefold.

Afterwards I felt rather guilty about my share in the defeat of Socialism.

When I was a young man I fell madly in love with an American girl of noble birth and good breeding. We met in Cheltenham at the Second Annual Convention of the Junior Communist League. We exchanged addresses and because I was ashamed of 273A Baxter's Alley I gave

mine as Farleigh Hall, Nr. Oldham. Immediately on my return to Lancashire I informed the post-office of my change of address to Baxter's Alley and asked that all letters addressed to me at Farleigh Hall be redirected. After six months I persuaded my ageing mother to allow me to rename our rude tenement. The postman and the neighbours were very bitter about Fosdyke Court but my correspondence with Sophie became more and more intimate. Then, without warning, the blow fell. She wrote a brief note in which she severed all relations "with one whose worldly fortunes are hopelessly inconsistent with his professed equalitarian ideals." That was about the time of the Wall Street crash.



"Have you ever noticed that these handrails don't always synchronize with the rest of the escalator?"

In Favour of Hospitals

I LIKE to be cherished.
It has always given me much pleasure to relax.
For myself therefore I know no keener satisfaction
Than to earn a reputation for saint-like fortitude
While in fact engaged in all my chosen pursuits.
And that is quite simply why I am so much on the side of
hospitals.

It is a queer thing
That if you go to a five-star hotel and order breakfast in
bed
A man with thin whiskers will ask if you want to sabotage
the war effort,
While if you go into hospital and mention that you had
better get up for lunch
Powerful strangers gather at the foot of the bed in
intimidating attitudes.
This is a point in favour of spending one's leaves in hospitals
instead of hotels
Never before made in this sort of verse.

Nor is that all.
If you stay in bed at home
You know how you begin to feel
About trays,
And the other book,
Second helpings to the top of the house,
More matches,
And the last drop of milk in the larder.

But hospitals are specially designed not to let you feel bad
about anything like that.
Hospitals aim to exclude any hint of the hurly-burly.
Not only do they keep the telephone locked, where it should
be, with the poisons,
But no sooner are you in bed than a mental fire-curtain
comes down between you and
All the sludge and pother of life,
So that senior officers are suddenly fairies at the wrong
end of a Disney telescope,
And the Commissioners of Inland Revenue no other than
the row of pink custards going by on the trolley to the
gastrics in No. 3

The pen of Benedetto Croce would probably be niftier than
mine
On the æsthetics of hospital,
But I can only say I know nothing nicer
Than to lean back in bed on plenty of pillows
And admit, not too late to spoil lunch, to a slight faintness
Due, it may be, to undernourishment,
In the certainty that a lovely creature uttering gentle
cooing noises will fly to my pulse
And smooth my brow
Before rushing hot elevenses to the scene of the accident.

Try that in an hotel and you are out on your ear.

I know nothing nicer, that is, except for the golden moment
after a well-balanced lunch
When, fingering a fat pouch of good tobacco
And a fat book in a clean jacket,
You discard from strength, and lie down, and sleep until tea.

To be in the right medical category is of course vital.
A murmuring uvula is highly recommended,
And an indeterminate lumbar malaise
Is also the kind of thing.
What you want to do is to be put "under observation."
Then excellent conversationalists in white coats
Will drop in from time to time
To discuss C. S. Forester
And the chances of Bulgaria fading out altogether.
Personally I have felt for a long time that the whole human
race should be put under observation
For obvious reasons,
But it seems this can only be done by easy stages.
There is a lot to be said after all for easy stages. ERIC.

H. J. Talking

SOMETIMES when I was an undergraduate I used to
go about with an architectural restorer. He was a
man of very high principle and would go round and
round a building until he found the oldest part. Then
he would pull down everything else and if this made the
building draughty he would put up canvas screens, as
these would make it clear that he was not trying to fake
old work, which would be dishonest, nor build in the style
of his own time, which would be vandalism. I was once
left on my own by this restorer, as he was suffering from
baldness and went to a faith-healer to have it cured but
was not very successful as the healer had doubts in the
middle. I was left completely on my own, and what I
had to restore was an abbey which after the Reformation
became the headquarters of some fox-hunters and after



"I want to change my butcher."

the death duties came in became a very personal kind of hotel, where the proprietor was titled and wore jodhpurs, and you never referred to the fact that at the end of your visit you would have to pay.

I was anxious to keep a high standard and when I discovered the site of an Iron Age Camp in the kitchen garden it was clearly my duty to remove later accretions; but my employer did not see things like this and I had scarcely got my blasting gang into operation when he tried to dismiss me. Fortunately, however, there was a contract, by which I stuck like a leech. He tried to get an injunction, but this took time and I was continuing hard at work; I did not demolish systematically but concentrated on removing the end walls of wings. I was, however, finally defeated by a low trick such as would be resorted to only by a Philistine and hater of the arts. One day a young girl approached me as I was conducting a pick-axe inspection and throwing her arms round me kissed me. Immediately a venal Medical Officer of Health approached and said she was an escaped mumps patient and I should have to go into quarantine. Before I was released my chief had been bought over and I had to face the loss of all I had striven for.

As a scientist I am often called upon to do some science for Government departments. Once some portions of a corpse were found in left-luggage offices here and there, and these had to be examined by scientists, but instead of sending them all to the same one the Government sent to say there must be one scientist per fragment to spread the work out more and assist the unemployment figures. I got an ear and it was a woman's ear as I could tell by its having an earring in it with "Elsie" on. I reported that it was free from bullet-holes, dagger-wounds and arsenic, and that in a book on physiognomy in the public library it said it was the kind of ear someone fond of horses might have. Unfortunately, the man who had the other ear lost it before he could make an examination, owing to bailiffs getting in, and he made up a report which said that it was a large hairy ear with cigarette-burns on top.

Firms who feel the need of some new attraction for their customers are always at me to invent things, and from time to time I consent so to do. For example, the South Norwood Horse Mangle Co. sent me one of their machines and like a flash I invented cork horse-shoes to reduce noise. Again, the sight of an alarm clock in my laboratory suggested to me one which would make soothing noises to send you off to sleep. You set it for the time you wished to stop reading in bed.

B. Smith, being a very pure scientist indeed, rather despises my associations with commerce, though when he is poor he is only too glad to accumulate what pelf he can. However, his principles do not allow him to invent things until he has tried everything else. He once tried to raise a bit by selling his M.A. back to Oxford and being just a B.A. again, but they would not buy it. On another occasion he gave chemistry lectures at a girls' school, and the kind of chemistry he taught them was all about home-made cosmetics; but his writing on the blackboard was so bad that they got the formulæ copied down wrong, and until the results had time to wear off purdah was what the school became.

His usual procedure when inventing something is to get into a hot bath and say to himself that he will stay there until he has got a profitable idea. This makes a kind of race between his unconscious, where he finds the ideas come from, and the temperature of the water. Sometimes he cheats by wearing several thicknesses of bathing-dress or covering his body with engine grease.

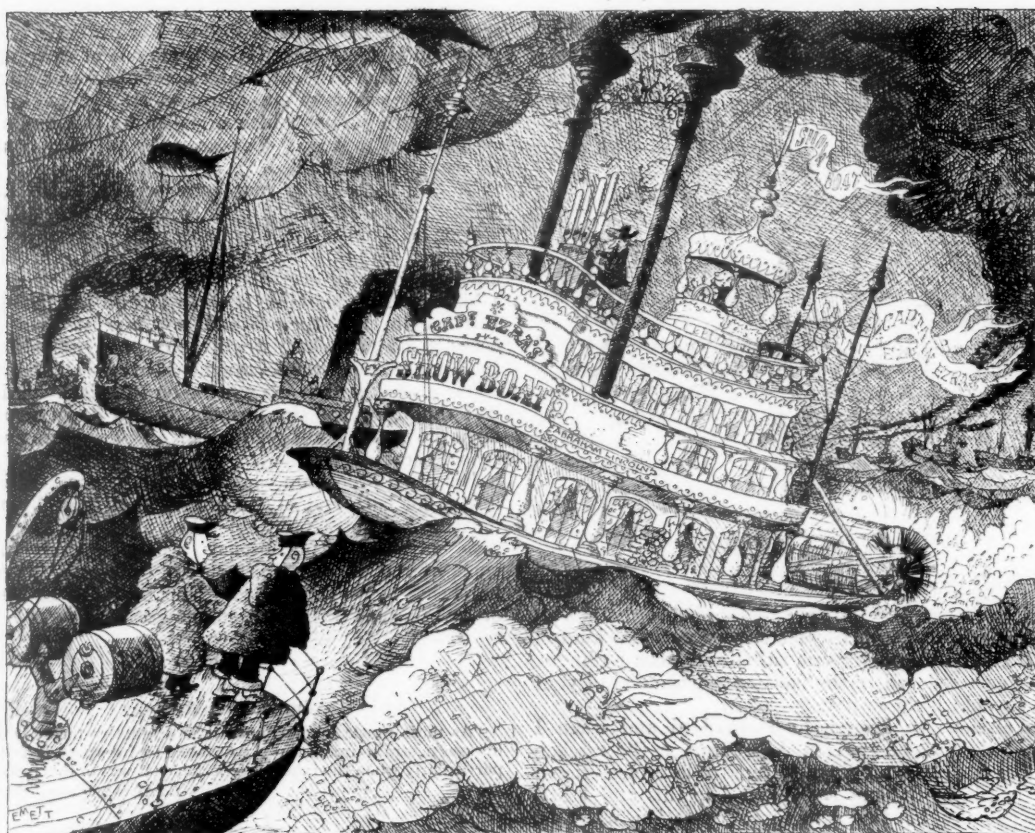
Impending Apology

"As most music lovers know, it is a lengthy piece, which must impose a strain upon those who seek to interpret it faithfully—particularly when the music is ignored, as it was in this instance . . ."

Local Paper's concert report.



"Tickets?"



"... coming over to entertain the American troops, or something . . ."

Fighter Pilots

(September 1940)

THAT was a young man's game in the sky's cold spaces
Where the vapour trails flowered white against the blue

Till high winds blurred the invisible squadron's traces
As the Spitfires flew

Rimming the arcs of heaven in swift fierce chases;

That was the game you knew,
Knew and played with the rapt force of your being
That neither would flinch nor yield;

Attack, always attack; the enemy falling, fleeing . . .

Below, the harvests whitening on the patterned Weald.

Other harvests will come, spreading their store
To warm the Kentish fields at summer's close.
At last the troubled heavens shall know no more
That bitter game your youthful valour chose.

And you (you who returned) will have gone your
several ways:

There will be newcomers in the messes and down
at the flights in those days.

So it will be. But we shall still remember

In constancy, as the quiet years unfold,
How, one September,

When the great engines of destruction rolled
Over the fallen West with evil power

When every stone and field and tree cried, "Hold,
Hold now or die

In freedom's name!"—

There in that darkest hour

You were our shining symbol in the sky,
Yours was the quenchless flame.

C. L. M.



THE CHIMÆRA

[An adaptation of the bronze at Florence]

"How dare they lay hands on my dear Benito?"



"I've been promoted—to the Incorporated Industries' Building."

Shopping in the Office

THOSE rubbers you get nowadays you'd think they'd come under the Control of Abrasives Order the way they rub a hole in the paper the moment you start, and it's a good thing Doris and I still have plenty of pre-war left, but we thought we'd better be getting some new ones just in case. Nowadays you just can't buy stuff to use like you used to, but have to have some in hand for when you've finished those you bought to save those you're using now, and that's what takes up so much time.

And space! If this war goes on much longer there'll be no room in our office for the staff. Look at this new paper-saving letter-paper, letter heads being the one thing we never bought in quantities because new directors always like to see their name on, and you never know when an old one'll die. Then of course we had to get paper-saving carbon paper to match, and then paper-saving copy paper, pink and blue and green and white,

and all the time reams of standard stuff just sitting on the shelves doing nothing—which is more than I can ever manage, I must say. It takes me all my time to remember all the things I keep forgetting.

Now yesterday I wanted to register a whole lot of stuff in a hurry, being a bit late getting back from lunch after I'd set Willie to tidying up, and of course he was nowhere to be found, and when Doris at last rooted out a box labelled *Ceiling Wax* it was empty. Of course Willie could never spell for toffee, but Doris thought perhaps this time it was because we'd been arguing whether a fighter ceiling is the same as a fighter carpet and a fighter umbrella, and shouldn't they call it a fighter parasol in hot countries.

While your own shopping's worse still because you haven't got an office boy to send and you haven't always got the time to stand in a queue at lunchtime for an evening paper to wrap anything in if you see it.

It's all very well for Doris because she just takes off her snood, but they don't suit me and I've always got to remember to take a big envelope out with me. Doris's girl-friend who's in the Civil Service always used to carry one of those net shopping bags in her pocket, but she got fed up with it after it rained through the holes one day when she'd just got hold of some soap flakes. So I told her to try those big O.H.M.S. ones which are still very tough, and she thought it was a much better idea till one night she took some cooked meat home in one for her supper, and when she took it out it was the return she'd made out that afternoon to go to Blackpool. Though Jim, my boy-friend in the drawing-office, told her plenty of people had had to eat their words before now.

Her landlady's just taken a sister to live with her who's been bombed about a bit, so Doris's girl-friend thought she'd like to do for herself for a change, so she's taken two unfurnished rooms.

But she says she'd never have done it if she'd known, because when she wrote to get her bits of furniture out of store she found it had all been bombed in the 1940 blitz and her address into the bargain, and there she was with nothing to start house-keeping on but a couple of towels she'd bought once to wrap some photos in before they went on coupons and a flower vase or two and a kettle and tea-set and some egg-cups and grape-fruit glasses and a lemon squeezer.

She says what upsets her about it, too, is it all seems so out of date now and makes her feel so silly when she tells her people, because it looks just like what Doris is always telling her about being three years behind the times. But the storage people were ever so nice and took her out at the back to show her their vegetables growing in the damage, and she feels now it might have been a lot worse and better for her furniture to be pushing up the tomatoes than her to be pushing up the daisies.

Of course we've all been giving her a hand, and you can quite see what she means when she says that if Hitler had had his own black-out to put up first there'd have been no war. But everybody's been very kind and the girls in her room all had a whip round and everybody gave her a knife or a fork or something, and now she's thankful there are so many of them, and before she used to be fed up with all these temporary people coming in and such a squash in the cloakroom you never knew whether you were powdering the right nose.

When she gets her compensation she's going to treat us all because we're all helping with the claim, which has to be sent in within thirty days, so after all she's only two years and eleven months behind the times. And it turns out that the man she has to write to used to be her chief once and it gives her quite a kick to get a letter from him signed

I am, Sir,
Madam,
Gentlemen,

Your obedient Servant,
not even the Board of Trade knowing what to call plural madams.

So we all go round seeing what we can find for her, and you often come across something for yourself too like yesterday, when I was late back from lunch because I'd shopped her a coal glove and then saw some white shoe-cream which was just what I was wanting for both black and brown.

That was my lucky day I thought, because next thing I saw some face

cream and I was dying to try it when I got back but was too busy with all that registered stuff till nearly going-home time and Doris went upstairs to get washed. And when she came back, the moment she opened the door she said, "What a smell of shoe polish!" and I jumped and said "Oh!" and sure enough it was, all over my face, and I'd never smelt it for ceiling wax.

o o

Ask a Policeman

AS small gardens go, ours is a large one. For a long time Dorcas has toiled in it virtuously alone, producing a large addition to the nation's food supply but necessarily ignoring paths, trees and meretricious shrubs. Wild beasts and neighbouring children, especially since the gates were removed, have regarded the drive as a heaven-sent jungle. Polite guests who used at first to say "I don't like a garden *too* tidy," later "I like one or two wild bits in a garden," have taken to passing the whole affair over in silence.

In the dim past, before the fall of France, we had a large body of militia stationed in the district. More than three years ago now the martial tide receded, leaving a small puddle of military police. Ever since they have lived in their large Jacobean house, giving offence to none and fleeing their time, it seemed, as they did in the golden world. There are many theories why they are still here, my own that it is to beguile the enemy into believing that there is an Army Corps hidden in the neighbourhood. The men, if asked what they are doing here, reply "48 on and 48 off."

Not long ago Dorcas, seeing a gentleman in khaki shirt-sleeves mowing a neighbour's lawn, made inquiries.

"You see, dear," she said that evening, "the poor lambs are yearning for some exercise after sitting perfectly still for three years. All you have to do is to go up to the door and ask for George."

"Me? Put my head into a den of lambs and ask for George?"

"To help me with the garden."

Under relentless pressure I weakened to the extent of riding my bicycle up and down within eyeshot of the place for most of that evening, but returned with nerves in shreds and feeling that I was a marked man.

When I came in next day I was informed that George had already been and trenched rods and rods of ground. It was quite simple: Dorcas had just gone up to the door in the morning

and asked for George. Twelve stalwart figures instantly appeared and promised to inform George when he returned from the knitting shop, after which the proceedings seem to have gone with a swing. By the time she left, Dorcas had learnt the domestic history of a large section of the British Army.

Since then the house has been besieged by military police. One Sunday I had a nasty moment when, Dorcas being out, I went to the door and found two large gentlemen covered with ribbons asking to move a chicken-house. Fighting the impulse to stand to attention, I hovered round and made mild and disregarded suggestions. The rest of the afternoon the larger one (C.S.M. in the Guards in the last war) told me what he would like to do to the place. In peace-time, it appeared, he was head gardener on a ducal estate, and held strong views on vistas.

The garden looks different now: one day I hope to be able to sit in it. Dorcas is in her element, and I am getting to know who has been by merely glancing round when I come in. Those whom I know by name are as follows:—

George—Our original friend: a glass-blower in private life. His leaning is to the plain and unintellectual. Give him a spade or a lawn-mower and he goes straight on until dusk or parade.

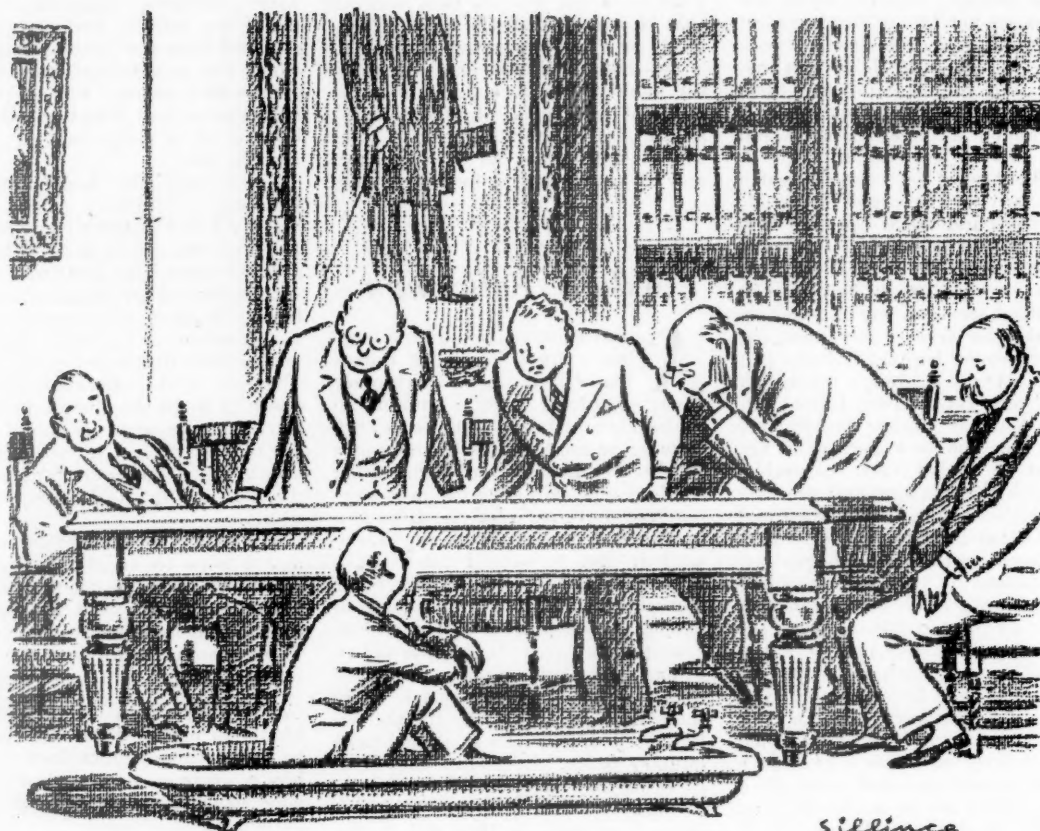
Jock—The ducal topiarist. Wakened in the small hours one morning by a series of swishing crashes, I leapt to the window and beheld the drive buried under eight feet of heaving greenery. Even as I watched, three-quarters of a laburnum tottered to its fall. On inquiry, I was informed that he was "clearing the approaches"—which, to do him justice, he certainly was.

Dave—A bank clerk, very difficult to detach from the rose-beds. His knowledge of the home life of blights would fill a volume as thick and soporific as a psychological novel.

Arthur—Son of a farmer in a big way. His plans for our next year's vegetable crops call for a tractor, and I should not be surprised to see one turn into the drive any day now.

Shorty—A window-cleaner by trade, with a passion for rockeries. We have no rockery, but I have seen him looking broodingly at the empty concrete garage.

I hear a new man has just arrived who was a foreman on one of the big slum clearance schemes.



Sillinea

"And you will observe, gentlemen, that besides holding exactly five inches of water my utility bath will save large quantities of material."

The Changing Scene

THERE is little about Lokisik to suggest that it might be pregnant with legend and lore. Lokisik, in fact, consists of a large bare rock and seven inadequate thorn trees by a dried-up river bed. It is inhabited by innumerable camels owned by a tribe of inquisitive but polite negroes; the camels live by grazing on the thorn trees, and the negroes apparently by standing on one leg, leaning on their spears, and gazing impassively at whoever is stupid enough to come their way. They, like the camels, speak no known language—or rather they speak a language known to no one but themselves and Sgt. Chappelow.

Sgt. Chappelow had been in the Government service before the war, and he was of the type who either

knows or immediately finds out all about a place the moment he arrives there. At Lokisik, as soon as the platoon had bivouacked and fed, he wandered off and engaged the local natives in conversation. They stood on one leg, leaned on their spears, and listened gravely with ears, whose lobes were pierced and extended into loops a couple of inches across for the better accommodation of the wire and bead ornaments with which they were garnished. Every now and then one of them said "Ugh!" or "Eegh!" When this colloquy had gone on for an hour or so Sgt. Chappelow came back and reported on the history and cultural traditions of Lokisik.

"Apparently, sir, the name means place-where-the-girl-jumped-over-the-

high-cliff," he told his company commander, Captain Flagstaff. "All the names round here mean something, you know, though usually the origin is lost in history. In this case, apparently, it seems that a long time ago there was a beautiful young girl who fell in love with a young warrior who was brave and handsome but entirely without camels. Her father had old-fashioned ideas about the number of camels he would exchange his daughter for, and he betrothed her to an old man who was nothing like as attractive from the girl's point of view, but much better equipped with camels."

"When did all this happen?" Captain Flagstaff inquired.

"Ages ago, I imagine, sir," Sgt. Chappelow said; "none of them even

pretends to know. Anyway, as any decent girl would, this young woman ran away with her boy friend and let the question of camels take care of itself. Unluckily it happened to be against the tribal law to do this, and the usual punishment was for the man to be speared to death by the girl's brothers; and as the girl's brothers in this case were both numerous and strong, speared to death he was.

"The poor girl was so piqued that when nobody was looking she hared up to the top of that rock and hurled herself over the steep bit. And ever since then, apparently, the place has been called Lokisik, the place-of-the-maiden-who-preferred-death-to-marriage."

"You said it meant something else just now," remarked Captain Flagstaff suspiciously.

"Well, actually, sir," said Sgt. Chappelow, "the word is *usikwok*, which means to jump over a cliff in order to avoid getting married. It's not a language with many nuances; the same sentence can mean several different things."

"Indeed," said Captain Flagstaff. "Have you inspected your askaris' mosquito-nets?"

The company stayed at Lokisik one night before moving on as far as the next clump of trees to which the map had given a name. As the natives of that region were not considerate enough to build villages, these had to be invented by the Deputy Director of Surveys and furnished with local names—names which, according to Sgt. Chappelow, always meant place-where-the-water-dries-up-in-the-summer, or place-where-the-great-chief-was-turned-into-a-camel. The origins of these interesting names were invariably lost in history, though Sgt. Chappelow generally managed to produce the rudiments of a good story in connection with them.

After the company had shown the flag to a maximum number of camels they turned back to rejoin the rest of the battalion two hundred miles away. As Captain Flagstaff was not very handy with his compass and the country was virtually bare of landmarks it was not very long before they were lost.

"Actually," said Captain Flagstaff, "we aren't seriously out of our way at all; it's merely that there ought to be three cacti here and they seem to have disappeared."

"Perhaps they've been eaten by a camel," suggested a platoon commander who knew camels.

"Quite likely, I should think," said Captain Flagstaff cheerfully. "Have

all your askaris filled their water-bottles?"

After two days' safari the company made camp at a place called Lomogutsek; the name (which was elicited by Sgt. Chappelow from a camel-herd) wasn't on the map, but it obviously should have been, as Lomogutsek was a well-defined landmark. It consisted of a dried up river-bed, seven small thorn-trees and a large bare rock.

"Tell us," asked Captain Flagstaff when Sgt. Chappelow had done his stuff with the natives, "what does Lomogutsek mean?"

"Well, sir, it's rather interesting," Sgt. Chappelow reported. "It means place-where-the-white-men-came-with-the-soldiers-and-asked-a-lot-of-questions. The actual event

seems to have been lost in history, but apparently——"

"Fairly recent history, I think," said Captain Flagstaff, taking a pencil from the pugaree of his hat with a sigh of relief and altering the name on the map.

o o

"It is easy to recognise the lu-oft enhk-gky a ha."—*Staffs Paper*.

In spite of that disguise?

o o

"So credit should be given to the effective chorus, the members of which last night executed themselves splendidly, despite only a short time for rehearsals."—*Lincs. Paper*. Which could hardly have been thorough, even so.



"As I'm spending my holiday at home, I thought I might as well come into the office."

Benevolent Thought

"TELL me, dear, would you speak of the Misses Dodge, or the Miss Dodges?"

"Actually, Miss Littlemug, I suppose we ought to say the Misses Dodge, but of course what we *do* say is Miss Dodge and her sister. Or else Miss Dodge and the asthmatic Miss Dodge. Or even just the *other* Miss Dodge."

"Good heavens, dear, I don't wish to be rude, but you're not allowing me to get a word in edgewise! And my question was purely academic. I have the type of mind that positively enjoys probing into the abstract, I believe. But in point of fact I only wanted to speak of the asthmatic Miss Dodge. You know what bad nights she has? It has suddenly occurred to me that she might be helped through them. Tell me, have you any brocade, or velvet, or even chintz?"

"I'm afraid I haven't, unless you count the curtains and chair-covers, and I couldn't possibly spare them. Besides . . ."

"I know precisely what you're going to say, but *don't say it*. You'll regret it bitterly if you do. After all, it would involve very little sacrifice on the parts of any of us."

"But the coupons, Miss Littlemug! All those things need coupons, and most of us haven't got any."

"Dear, coupons play no part in this whatever."

"You aren't thinking of the Black Market, are you, Miss Littlemug? Because nowadays . . ."

"I can only say that, after all these years, you know me very little if you can suggest that I should defy the law or help the enemies of my country. No, dear, I'm not in the least angry, I'm only hurt, and it was the purest accident that my hand brushed all those books on the floor. I am *not* given to violence, any more than to treachery, and I must ask you not to bring these accusations against me, and not to attempt to pick up the books, either. I *prefer* them on the floor."

"I'm terribly sorry . . ."

"Why, dear? If you like to think of one of your oldest friends and nearest neighbours as a Fifth Columnist of the most despicable kind, pray do so. I only hope you may find satisfaction in it. And perhaps, in all these very painful circumstances, we had better drop the whole subject of the patchwork quilt."

"The patchwork quilt?"

"Naturally, dear. What else did you suppose I was talking about? It would be a complete change from perpetual knitting and reading books about the Russian women fighting in the snow, and collecting the pieces would be an interest to all of us, and she could work away quietly at it when she can't sleep."

"Does Miss Dodge like doing patchwork?"

"That, dear, I am not in a position to tell you. But I propose to collect a number of pieces, and the old pattern that I found when I was turning out the letters that my dear father wrote

to his eldest sister when he was in Afghanistan, and take the whole thing over to 'Olde Wisconsin' as soon as possible."

"Olde Wisconsin?"

"Since we heard that American troops were coming, dear. It was Miss Plum's idea to change the name. She thought it would make them feel at home, and convey more than 'Ye Olde Bunne Pantry.' I suggested 'Ye Transatlantic Cookie Parlour' myself, but for some reason that didn't appeal to them."

"Better to call it 'Ye Patchwork Quilt,' perhaps."

"Dear, I can't honestly say that I find that in the least amusing. I've spent a very great deal of time and trouble on the question of pieces, and I don't care to hear the whole thing turned into ridicule. In church itself, I'm sorry to say, I caught myself on Sunday wondering if Mrs. Battlegate couldn't very well spare a few inches of crimson velvet from that bag of hers. And I distinctly saw how easily a piece could be taken from behind the collar of your Aunt Emma's purple satin without its showing in the least."

"I hope Aunt Emma will see it too."

"She may, dear, if I put it to her in the right light. I'm giving up the train of my grandmother's grey *moiré*. I shall probably never wear a long train again, and the moth has been in it once already, owing to the fur edging."

"Well, I think I could find some pieces."

"I *know* you could, dear. I've been thinking it over most carefully. There's that orange house-coat of yours, which certainly has a turn-in, unless I'm completely mistaken, and it would not be difficult to unpick the blue velvet ribbon from your black hat—plain black is really far more useful and goes with everything—and didn't you once tell me that your husband had a quilted satin dressing-gown? I think, dear, we'd better make a list. It's what I've done for most people."

"I see. And have they found it a help?"

"Ah well, dear, I haven't been round yet. But the lists are all ready, and I'm deliberately taking with me a *very* sharp pair of scissors." E. M. D.



"To-day the Brains Trust has three famous guests and two well-known residents."

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.



"... and you're immediately opposite—below the rather indifferent copy of Botticelli's *Pallas and the Centaur*."

Round the Night-Spots

ON posting to R.A.F. Station, Wingspanton, many airmen ask where an evening meal may be obtained in Wingspanton town. For their benefit, and by kind permission of the Commanding Officer, the Personnel Welfare Committee issues the following abbreviated guide.

SNUG SNACKS (Opposite Superbia Cinema)

Menu. Sausage, chips, bread-and-butter. Spam. Puma Sauce (watered). Tea.

For. Table-cloths, changed at intervals. Blonde waitress (Lucy), large helpings, no flies. Convenient for Camp.

Against. Sausages dark, sometimes contain shot. Chips rubbery. Permanent wireless. Unseen man hammering. Very draughty; door won't shut. Frequented by Guardhouse S.P.s and shrill cinema usherettes. Tables rock. Beware three-legged chair.

NED'S PLACE (Next to the Wingspanton Tanneries)

Menu. Sausage, chips, bread. Spam. Cocoa. Sometimes bacon.

For. Very large helpings towards closing-time.

Against. Sausages definitely horse. Chips big, pale and watery. No sauce, salt, pepper, sugar, vinegar, mustard, teaspoons, hat-pegs. Cups very cracked and chipped. Two dogs, two cats prowl constantly. Some cockroaches. Ned puts thumb in gravy. Next to Wingspanton Tanneries.

LYDIA'S LOUNGE (Next to "Madame Potter," Hairdresser)

Menu. Dried egg on toast, beans on toast, sardines on toast, chopped ham (spam). Rice, sago, prunes. Bread-and-margarine, jam, home-made cakes, tea, coffee.

For. Clean. Good furniture. Flowers, carpet, three waitresses.

Against. Small helpings, delayed-

action service, Mayfair prices (charge for soiling cloths), no smoking. Waitresses very cold and "county," but small tips eyed with disdain. Smiles from proprietress for Wing-Commanders and ranks above only.

"THE KING'S HEAD" (Opposite the Town Hall)

Menu. Varies, but excellent mixed grill (with mushrooms) always available. Good coffee.

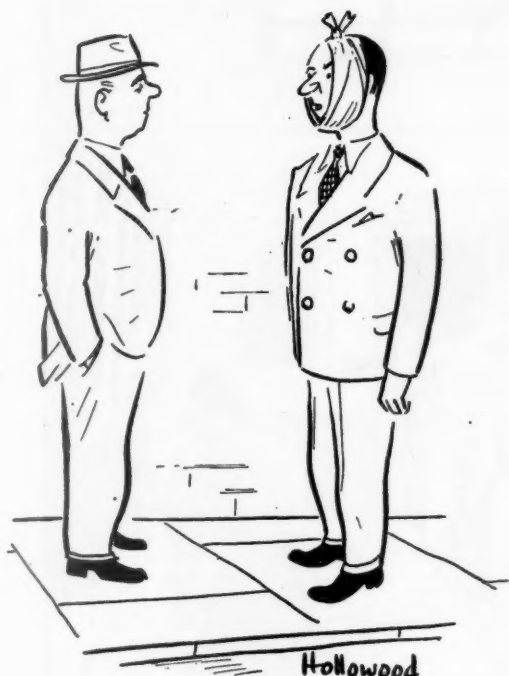
For. Clean, quiet. Efficient service. Spotless linen. Good china, silver, glass. Respectful old-type waiters, with clean shirts. Fully licensed. Log fire.

Against. Out of Bounds.

Non-Sequitur Corner

"Like the Irish they think highly of anyone who has been in prison, whatever the cause of his incarnation may have been."

From a novel.



"It will be all over soon—I remember feeling just like this in 1918."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Remembrance of Things Past

IN *Where Love and Friendship Dwell* (MACMILLAN, 12/6) Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES returns to the scenes she described in *I Too Have Lived in Arcadia*, taking up the story of her early years at the point when at the age of seventeen she revisited the home of her childhood in La Celle Saint Cloud. By birth half English and half French, she has, she says, "remained toute Française de cœur—more so now, if that were possible, than ever before." The knowledge that the Nazis are using the château of La Celle Saint Cloud as a G.H.Q. has deepened the nostalgia for the past which permeates these memories, but without blurring the writer's sense of reality and balanced appreciation of the mixed nature of human beings. Apart from its more personal recollections, the book is of particular interest for its portraits of the famous French writers with whom the author came in contact when she was a Paris correspondent. As a young girl, free from the suppressed desire to assert his own importance which usually afflicts the male interviewer in the presence of eminent people, Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES drew out the more attractive qualities in the writers she met. Verlaine often spoke to her of his wife, whom he had estranged by his friendship with Arthur Rimband, but whom he still, after twenty years and though she had remarried, hoped might return to him. In Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES' account he is not the squalid Bohemian

pictured by most people. "I never saw him, I will not say drunk, but even in any way muddled or muzzy. He was always treated with marked respect by the waiters, as well as by the other frequenters of the café . . ." During a visit he made to England, to which he had been invited by some enthusiasts for his work, Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES was often with him, and narrates that when he went down to Oxford the heads of certain colleges were alarmed, and he was compelled to meet his admirers in a sequestered and unobtrusive spot. Daudet in his entirely different way is as attractive as Verlaine in these pages; even Zola behaves like a human being, if only in his passionate resentment of any criticism of his work; and the younger Dumas, who was born out of wedlock, illustrates the complexity of human nature by combining an immense love and admiration for his father with an often expressed conviction that any man who had an illegitimate child should be sent to prison for at least ten years.

H. K.

Malta, G.C.

"The Love of the Maltese People and the Voice of Europe, Have for Ever Entrusted the Guardianship of These Islands to Great Britain, the Unconquerable." So runs a Latin inscription of 1814, cut deep in the stone of Valetta; and one out of every seventy Maltese has, in the present war, paid with his or her life for the maintenance of this pact. The strategic focus of the Mediterranean, Malta was banded from Phœnician to Roman, from the Moor to the Knights of St. John, and from Napoleon to ourselves—a process vividly summarized by Mr. IAN HAY before embarking on the recent fortunes of *The Unconquered Isle* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON, 7/6). This is a sound approach: a siege or two, and you are beginning to know the terrain and have watched La Valette of the Knights of St. John begin to fortify, in Elizabeth's day, the haven that awaited the bombed and torpedoed convoys of ours. But it is the war record of Malta, her people and her garrison, that mainly concerns us here. Smallest of small nations, she won her George Cross as a personality; and a blend of national character with individual enterprise renders her story the unparalleled adventure it is.

H. P. E.

America and Britain

With Sir PHILIP GIBBS as Question-master Messrs. HUTCHINSON have staged in *Bridging the Atlantic* (7/6) a kind of written Brains Trust whose chief difference from a spoken one is that no one says "Ha, ha!" and its members cannot answer each other back. The particular question on which they all dilate is: What ought to happen in the future in regard to the relations towards each other of the two great English-speaking nations on the opposite sides of the Atlantic? The women members of the trust are Miss Nora Waln with a plea for good men to make good laws, Miss Megan Lloyd George, describing the British Social Services, and Miss Antonia Bell, an English girl, giving her own reactions to the America of to-day. Including the Question-master there are thirteen men taking part, among whom are Sir Archibald Sinclair, Viscount Samuel, Mr. Harold Callender, Sir Cecil Hurst, Air-Commodore P. F. M. Fellowes, Mr. Robert Waithman, Colonel Elliott C. Cutler; and Mass Observation on "What they Think of Each Other" makes up good measure. There is plenty of divergence of opinion. Viscount Samuel writes of federation as a "doubtful proposition" and Lord Davies champions it so well that he is likely to make many converts. Altogether a very refreshing thought-provoking collection of views which no one should miss.

B. E. S.

Black-Out for Bonaparte

It was enterprising of Miss PHOEBE FENWICK GAYE to make the famous adventure of the Misses Moberley and Jourdain at Versailles the structural inspiration of an historical novel. Yet perhaps the ghostly atmosphere so admirably sustained in the prelude to *The French Prisoner* (CAPE, 10/6) has been allowed too strongly to pervade the major part of the book. In the prelude an American doctor returns in 1901 on a pious pilgrimage to the coast near Aldeburgh, where his grandfather, though actually a Dutch civilian, was detained as a prisoner on parole a hundred years earlier. A burnt-out house and its long-dead mistress revive a magical week of the grandfather's romance for the grandson. So far, so good—a perfect short story. When, however, you reach the flesh-and-blood *affaire* which the ghostly one adumbrates, there is still a macabre unreality about its chief personages which militates against the book's success as a plausible reconstruction of its period. There are pictures, rowdy and vital as a Rowlandson cartoon, of the company at "Redonda," and charming landscapes of its marish environment; but the malign *Harriet* and her mild victim *Jan Vandervoord* appear to belong to the world that goes out like a candle if you chance to open your eyes on it.

H. P. E.

Travel in England

This is a delightful account of *Travel in England* (BATSFORD, 10/6) from the earliest times to the present day, combining scholarship with imagination, and particular details with a wide view of the subject as a whole. Mr. THOMAS BURKE begins with the first wanderers inland, whose rough tracks grew in time into clear pathways from hamlet to hamlet. Then came the Romans, with their roads from Gloucester to Norfolk, from Dover to Chester, from London to York and from Exeter to Lincoln. When the Romans left England, and the Saxons invaded it, the roads fell into decay, becoming grass-grown or disappearing under accumulations of soil. For more than a thousand years travelling in England was a laborious and dangerous business, a few steps off the beaten track leading the traveller into a marsh or over a hundred-foot drop, while the beaten track itself offered him the likelihood of being robbed or impressed as a serf by some neighbouring baron. In these circumstances men preferred to travel in company, as merchants or pilgrims, a neglect of which precaution exposed the author of *The Canterbury Tales* to being robbed twice in the same day of ten pounds. The first coach, presented by a Dutchman to Queen Elizabeth, reached England in 1565, but although hackney-coaches were used in and around London under Charles I, stage-coaches were introduced only after the Restoration. According to John Cresset, who relieved his feelings in a pamphlet, a journey in a stage-coach was a long purgatory; heat and stifling dust in summer, freezing cold and filthy fogs in winter, tedious company, insolent coachmen, and innkeepers in league with the coachmen to cheat travellers. With the introduction of Flying Machines, which took only four days from London to York, matters improved, and though Swift was vituperative about his journey to Chester, John Gay celebrated a five days' ride to Exeter in very charming verses. Fifty years later, bowling through the Midlands in a post-chaise, Johnson said to Boswell, "Life has not many things better than this"; and fifteen years after Johnson's death the Golden Age of Coaching was inaugurated by the road-building achievements of Telford and Macadam. It ended as suddenly as it began, and whether it was as

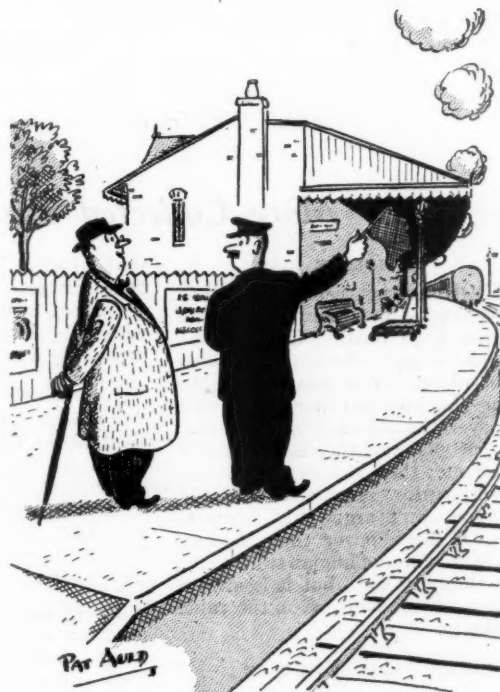
glorious as its celebrants in the Age of Steam believed may be doubted, for the desire to set up speed records produced so much irritability, bad manners and dyspepsia that it was said in praise of Constable—"He was a gentleman even on a coach journey."

H. K.

From Sea to Sea

The publishers (Messrs. COLLINS) of the series "Britain in Pictures" are to be congratulated on two additions, *British Seamen* (4/6), by Mr. DAVID MATHEW, and *British Polar Explorers* (4/6), by Admiral Sir EDWARD EVANS. The author of the former, who served as a midshipman during the last war, has the knack of vivid phrase and quotation. He shows the "quick pictorial imagination" that he admired so much in Sir Francis Drake, and that is just the quality needed in a book whose illustrations include reproduced contemporary engravings of the *Ark Royal*, Lord Howard of Effingham on a galumphing distraught-looking charger, the bombardment of Dieppe (1694)—which shows Britannia, Mars (?) and the British Lion (running away from the bunch of lightning near its tail) up in the clouds as spectators. Admiral EVANS, who has not so much history to cover, gives more space to first-hand experience. The description of Shackleton's last Antarctic enterprise is heart-breaking: "I saw this ship in Iceland and sadly shook my head. . . . Short of funds, he had been unable to obtain a stout enough ship for the voyage . . . she was too lively for heavy seas and too slow to achieve much." This book too has many well-chosen illustrations, and the engraving of the relief of Sir John Franklin is charmingly comic because the bears are so big and the men in the background so leisurely and conversational.

B. E. B.



"All I said was 'I've often wondered if you fellows ever MISS the train after you've waved the flag'."



"We're one short for rounders—care to make up?"

More Collected Essays of J. Pope Clugston

EVIDENCE

I TOOK my cat fishing the other evening. She knows very well what I go boating for, and she swore she'd enjoy the trip, but when we got about thirty feet out in the stream she changed her mind and leapt over the side and swam home. Some people on the bank nearly mobbed me; they had *seen* me throw her overboard. "What a cruel man!" Well, you can't argue with eyewitnesses. I have never thought very much of the value of human testimony, in the ordinary way, but it is always nice to get fresh evidence on the value of evidence.

MORE ABOUT EVIDENCE

A jury need not remind itself that what the soldier said is not evidence; the judge will remind it all right. But a jury should occasionally remember

that what a judge says is not evidence either. A judge is not always a witness, in the strictest sense, even when he thinks he is; much of his knowledge has come to him by hearsay.

MORE ABOUT FISHING

I always have remarkable second sight about fishing. If I feel *certain* that I am going to catch a big one I know pretty well that I won't catch a darn thing, because I have been too cocksure. So I am right whatever happens.

HOW TO BE FUNNY

To set yourself up as a wit, all you need to do is to speak the truth. People will laugh themselves sick. They consider the truth to be quaint, and perhaps it is.

E. WALLER AND THE ROSE

I asked a young lady if she thought

that Waller's rose really took all those messages to his love. She said she had no idea. "But if it did," she said, "the lady was entitled to tell the rose to mind its own business. She could have made another poem for it:

'Go, lovely Rose,
And blow your Nose.'

This finishes E. Waller, I think.

VEGETARIANS (and who isn't?)

My Uncle Tristram is a vegetarian even in peacetime. This doesn't worry me. But I fear I have worried Uncle Tristram. I asked him if he would eat a tomato grown with bone-meal, and now he is all mixed up.

HOW TO REMOVE STAINS BY THE CLUGSTON METHOD

I have invented an excellent new way of removing stains from clothing, etc. If you drop ink, let us say, on



"Perhaps the Robinsons have moved, dear."

your trousers and find it hard to remove, do not injure the fabric with friction or harsh chemicals. Merely dip the entire garment in ink and the stain will disappear and you will have a nice pair of blue-black trousers (or red, if you are using red ink, and so on). And so with tea, coffee, and other stains. It is a way of conquering by yielding, much like the sort of wrestling where your opponent is overthrown by his own exertions."

MISSING THE POINT

Whenever my wife tries to cheer me up by saying "Well, you can't have it both ways, you know," she fails to see that this is exactly what I am complaining about. She also says I must grin and bear it. I'll bear it but not grin; she can't have it both ways. She also says I must take the rough with the smooth, and this is partly true, for if she talks *too* smooth I'll have to get rough. She is too much of a fatalist; even when I said I didn't like the parson, she said "Well, it was ordained."

SENSE OF HUMOUR

You can argue all night about the difference between English and American humour. I can think of one difference which may help you. The American laughs at English jokes because they are not funny, whereas

the Englishman refuses to laugh at American jokes for the same reason. But the American does not laugh at American jokes when they don't seem funny to him, and if incongruity is funny, this in itself should make us laugh.

SCOUTERY

Before I was turfed out of the Boy Scouts—I got sent down for lack of Scout spirit or something of the sort . . . by the way, I must remember to sue them some day . . . I never had a fair trial—anyhow, before I left, I invented a badge for not winning badges. A reward for modesty, so to speak. I wonder if the idea ever caught on? Will some Scout tell me?

USURIOUS

I see that Palfrey M. Gusset has got out his yearly novel. I always read his works with considerable interest . . . about 10% per annum.

NUTRIMENT

It is not generally realized that a single slice of Boston brown bread contains more nourishment than two slices.

NATURE

That Ol' Mother Nature o' Mine has made another big mistake. Always doing it, she is. You just can't leave her alone for a minute. My complaint this time is about the way she produces

a big harvest on the farms and in our gardens simultaneously. This is mere waste. When our gardens start to go off, *then* would be the time for the farms to burst forth. Write to your M.P.

RIGOUR

One of the toughest things about life at sea is the way every young student of navigation suddenly learns that certain tidal information about a port is called "the vulgar establishment" of that port. He then thinks he has made up a new joke. At any instant of time this is happening to *hundreds* of young navigators. It is all very depressing.

WONDERS

I am accused, quite groundlessly, of thinking that I have a Wonder Child. As it happens, I have never thought anything of the sort. This, of course, makes me a Wonder Parent, but that's all right with me.

o o

WE might have done this had the word been sent;
We might have done that had we only known.
Would that some brainy person could invent
A serviceable telepathophone!

J. B. N.



"Now don't think that I imagine for a moment that there's the remotest chance of your holding out the very slightest hope of a room of any sort whatever . . ."

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The Blender's Art



used to make these himself, sitting at a table with an ever-growing pyramid of cigarettes at his side."

Rothman cigarettes are still blended by experts, not by rule of thumb. We take the utmost care to ensure that the leaf used is exactly right for each desired flavour.

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DUTY-FREE parcels to Prisoners of War and H.M. Forces Overseas (including India) — full particulars on request.

Rothman

OF PALL MALL

the best-known tobacconist in the world

"I well remember," writes a gentleman from Ryde, "that it was a Stock Exchange colleague who introduced me to Rothmans, at the time of the Mining Boom of 1896. The attraction was a freshly-blended Virginia cigarette with a gilt monogram on the paper. Louis Rothman

What is wrong with this picture?



At first glance everything looks just perfect. But wait! — What's that our mermaid's taking — a chocolate? . . . a FORTUNE Chocolate? Can't be, Caley's aren't making FORTUNE now — and won't be until after the war. It is, of course, still possible to enjoy Caley chocolate — though only as Norwich Chocolate Blocks.

Now for the other errors. Surely that high diver's likely to take a nasty crack in water shallow enough for the family to stand up in! And what's the Navy's White Ensign doing, flying at a swimming pool?

CALEY

SURVIVAL OF THE FITTEST

Whether of man or machine, good reputation is founded upon dependability in service. Certainly in all things mechanical, the safe rule is to buy only the reputable product.



The Ferranti Electric Fire has established itself upon its serviceability over long periods of use. For this reason, owners of Ferranti models, bought 5 to 10 years ago, will still enjoy efficient heating next season. It is a point worth remembering when electric fires are again available.

FERRANTI

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FIRST • FOREMOST • HOTTEST

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Not too little..



not too much..

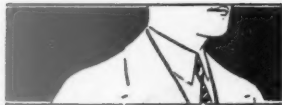


but just right

thanks to the
DOUBLE-DENSE LATHER OF
ERASMIC
SHAVING STICK



The World's most famous Collar



World-wide fame does not come undeserved. Van Heusen's popularity is due to *comfort* and *style*; they launder well and last longer.



"VAN HEUSEN"
Regd. Trade Mark
SEMI-STIFF COLLARS

Sole Manufacturers: Harding, Tilton and Hartley, Ltd., Taunton, Somerset.

3 reasons for using Harpic to clean the lavatory



1 EASY TO USE

To clean the lavatory, all you need to do is sprinkle a little Harpic into the bowl and leave as long as possible (last thing at night is a good idea). Then flush.

2 THOROUGH

Harpic's cleansing action is thorough and effective, reaching right into the S-bend at the back. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you *don't* see as well.

3 DISINFECTS AS WELL

Not only does Harpic remove all discoloration—it cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan.

HARPIC

A Bee does it!



STORAGE AGAINST FUTURE NEED

An ESSE Heat Storage Cooker stores heat during the less busy hours against the peak demand period. Fuel Economy, Reliability, Cleanliness and improved cookery lighten the household burden

THE ESSE COOKER CO. Prop: Smith & Wellstood Ltd. Est. 1854
BONNYBRIDGE, SCOTLAND. LONDON: 63 CONDUIT ST. & 11 LUDGATE CIRCUS
Liverpool: 20 Canning Pl. Edinburgh: 17 Greenside Pl. Glasgow: 11 Dixon St. C.1



Yes, especially these days!

How do you mean?

I usually leave my dentures in 'Steradent' overnight—but if there's an air-raid warning 20 minutes in 'Steradent' in the morning cleans them beautifully.

But does that really remove the film?

Of course it does!

Good! From now on 'Steradent' does my teeth, too!

Why not get a tin from the chemist?

Steradent

cleans and sterilizes false teeth

Directions: Half tumbler of warm water. Add 'Steradent'—the cap of the tin full. STIR. Steep dentures overnight or 20 minutes. Rinse well under tap.



PROGRESS IN PLASTICS

At the present time Plastics are playing a greater part in the war production than most people imagine. Immense strides have been made, and peace-time will see it applied for uses far beyond the dreams of its earliest pioneers.

If you are planning for the future let us discuss with you now how it can be applied to your business.

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SOUPLEX LTD., MORECAMBE, LANCs

The popular British Cigar with the mild Havana flavour.

CARASADA INTERMEZZOS

Elegant shape 5 1/2 inches long, as illustrated.

Box of 25 for 27/6

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GREEN'S LTD.,

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The best of these...



Tails always Wag-a-lot

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WINALOT

THE IDEAL FOOD FOR DOGS

Famous FOR FEET!

A painless, harmless remedy which 'kills' the worst Corn in 3/7 days. Its concentrated action is immediate and you can obtain from all good chemists, etc. (incl. Boots & Taylors). The 7d. Combination Pack contains Plasters, Powders, Strapping.

Hobson's Choice
CORN PLAISTERS
POWDERS

For your Silverware use only

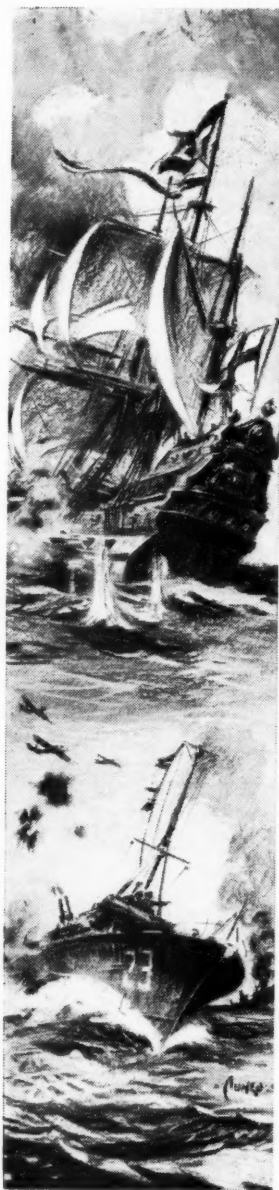
"Goddard's"

Plate Powder

OR

Liquid Plate Polish

Elizabethans All



Drake, in his immortal ship still sails the seas where English mariners fight. He marvels at the ships beyond his dream—the great grey fortresses that wait and watch in Northern mists; the submarines who sing and sink in the Middle Seas; the fireships that fly !!! But most he loves . . . the little ships that fight the way he fought : launches, torpedo boats, corvettes, destroyers—swift, daring, deadly, darting through spray and smoke—to kill at the foeman's door. And the lads who man them—accountants, farmers, shopmen, clerks, smiths, carpenters fishermen—who, whether cradled in the hills, in towns, or by the creek—all, all smell the salt of rolling waters—where England's greatness rides—Elizabethans All.

* * * *

Our seamen in this war have proved that they belong to this unconquerable brotherhood. And our humble savings are helping them to maintain its glorious traditions. **SAVE MORE.**

... — Save for Victory

Issued by the National Savings Committee



KODAK FILM

is in the skies

helping to bring home vital information

★ Illustration shows R.A.F. photographer pressing remote control button of aerial camera. Most of our reconnaissance pictures are taken in this way. If you have difficulty in getting a spool of Kodak film, remember it is because so much Kodak film is doing vital work—helping to bring peace (and peace-time snaps) back to reality.



F. 38

CLEANING PROCESS WATER...

THE PEBBLES PATENT ROTARY WATER STRAINER

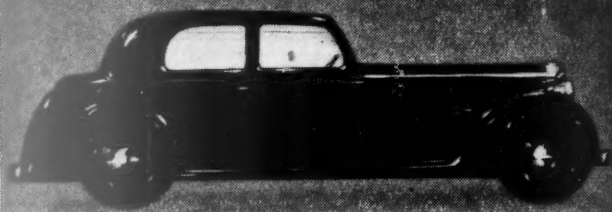
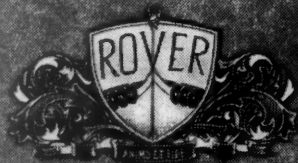
The Peebles Patent Rotary Water Strainer is designed to remove twigs, algae, sand and other detritus from process and other waters.

The constant self-cleaning device is fully automatic in action, and is so efficient that fine screens can be used without the slightest fear of clogging.

Our technical publication, "The Peebles Patent Rotary Water Strainer," gives full particulars, and will be sent to responsible enquirers post-free on application.



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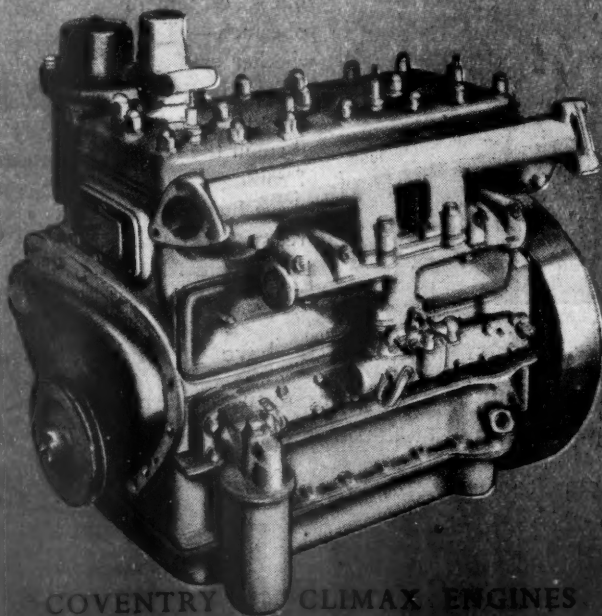


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